
HOTEL
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SALE 75%
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Emily
Part 3



Emily dreamed.

In her dreams, Emily was in charge. In that way, it wasn't much different from her usual waking life. Her dreams, however, allowed her to cause destruction on a scale that was still unfathomable in real life. And also, sometimes she was a robot.

In this dream, she wasn't just Emily. She was E.M.I.L.Y.: The Erotic sMashing domInatrix LadY. In her purple platform heels, she towered over not just not just a small town, but a huge, sprawling city. The city was her playground, and the thousands of clones that populated it were her playthings.

Earlier that morning, she let them loose in the city with a single command: RUN. She had given them a head start, but their time was up. Now it was her turn to hunt them down. As she rounded the corner, she spotted a dense crowd of fleeing clones as they ran down the street.


She was about to give chase when she heard an especially high-pitched scream coming from below her. Emily paused mid-step, and looked down to see a tiny couple just below her heel.


"Please, let us go!" The male slave pleaded. "We might be clones, but are we not still human? If you scratch us, do we not bleed?"
"Oh, you guys bleed a ton," Emily joked. "Otherwise it wouldn't be half as much fun to step on you. Here, let me show you!"



Emily pressed her heel down, instantly flattening the tiny clones beneath her sole. She twisted her heel, and the unyielding carbon-steel alloy of her boots ground the tinies into a thin red paste.


"Maybe it was a mistake to make it so the new clones can talk," Emily mused as she admired her handiwork. "Although it can be fun hearing them scream... Maybe I'll add a mute button for the next batch!"


Emily turned back towards the fleeing crowd. As she watched all the tiny clones running away, though, her stomach began to growl. Fortunately for her, a movable feast was all around her, ripe for the taking.


Emily reached out towards the crowd with a single outstretched hand. "Come here," she said. "You're mine! All mine!"


Her hand descended upon the crowd. Her fingers encircled a group of them, enclosing the clones like prison bars. Before the clones had any idea what was happening, they were already firmly in Emily's grip.


Emily squeezed tight. She looked over her hand, and the tiny people writhing in her grip. "Not the best batch," Emily said, "but they'll do!"
The clones were splayed in every direction. Many of them had broken bones, and others were on the verge of being crushed to death in her grip, but that was no concern for Emily. All she cared about was whether they'd be a serviceable snack.


"Now it's time for you to go down the hatch!" Emily said excitedly. Without any more fanfare, Emily tossed the clones into her mouth. The screaming clones tumbled down through the air.


Emily's aim was careless, but somehow all of the clones ended up falling into her mouth. In Emily's dreams, much like her waking life, things tended to go her way. The clones slid down Emily's tongue and piled up in her mouth.


Emily chewed a few times, before swallowing the clones in a single gulp. Within seconds she'd already forgotten about them, and Emily's attention turned back towards the crowd in front of her.
"I could step on them all, but who has the time these days?" Emily mused. She cocked her head to the side as she considered her options. "I might not have long before I wake up, so I might as well bring out the big guns!"


"Energy blast, charge!" Emily announced. She opened her mouth, and a ball of hot green plasma appeared. It swirled between her lips, growing bigger by the second.


When the energy had coalesced, Emily finally unleashed the energy with a belch. A blast of green plasma shot out of her mouth, incinerating everything in its path.


The beam shot through a nearby building, and within seconds the concrete and mortar melted from the superheated plasma. Everything in the beam's path was quickly incinerated into a cloud of black smoke, and the rest of the building quickly crumbled down around it.
When the beam fizzled out, Emily looked with pride at the burnt-out remains of the building. "Not bad," she said, "but I'll use the next one on the crowd!"


Before she could finish off the crowd, though, a loud noise startled Emily. "What the hell was that?" Emily asked. Emily turned and looked at the source, but she found herself craning her neck further and further up. Soon, she was engulfed in shadow. "This isn't possible, this isn't possible..." Emily repeated to herself.
森記書局
HOTEL


But it was possible, at least within the confines of her dream. There was another giantess in Emily's dream. A woman who towered over Emily just as easily as Emily towered over the clones. Emily barely even came up to her shins. "This isn't fair!" Emily protested. "This is my dream! Nobody else gets to be bigger than me in my own dream! Especially not you!"


Madison laughed as she stared down at Emily. With her white robes and towering figure, she looked like a goddess who had just walked over from Mount Olympus. "Like it or not, I'm the goddess now," Madison said. "Do you know what a goddess does to mortals she's not pleased with? She steps on them!"


Madison raised her foot high into the air. Her heel alone stood higher than the tallest buildings for miles around, and soon cast even Emily in its shadow.


"No, no no no! You can't do this!" Emily muttered. "This isn't happening! This is my dream!"
"Not anymore!" Madison said. "It's my dream now!" And with that, she brought her heel down on Emily.


Emily jolted back awake. As she caught her breath, she was pleased to recognize that she was safe and sound back in her home. "Thank god, it was just a dream..." Emily said to herself. But as she looked around the room, an uneasy feeling came across her.



"Why did I fall asleep on the kitchen counter?" Emily wondered aloud. "Wait a second... How am I even small enough to fit on the kitchen counter? Oh my god... I'm tiny!"


"No, you're just normal-sized," a man said. "I mean, you're shorter than me, but not by much!" Emily looked over and saw her step-brother standing nude, stirring a giant-sized cappuccino.
"Oh good, it's you." Emily said dryly. "You might be dumb, but even you know what I mean by 'tiny,' Andrew! People like you are tiny compared to someone like me... Well, compared to how I used to be."
"Eh, it's all relative," Andrew said with a shrug. "I try not to think too hard about those things. All I'm worried about now is stirring this cappuccino..."



"Wait a second, if I'm tiny, then who are you making that cappuccino for?" Emily asked. "Wait a second. Madison... Halloween... That wasn't all a dream, was it?"


"Who do you think put you on the counter?" Andrew asked. "Shit, she's coming!" Andrew warned. The booming footsteps gradually got louder. Soon Madison walked into view. Her head nearly touched the mansion's giant-sized ceilings, and she was dressed head-to-toe in revealing black lingerie.


"Rise and grind, sleepyheads!" Madison said, as she ducked under the doorway. "How are all my little playthings doing?" Madison asked, as she pointedly looked at Emily.


Emily was incensed. "First off, they're not your playthings, they're my playthings! Second of all, I'm definitely not your plaything! And third of all, that's my fanciest lingerie you're wearing, and I don't remember you asking for permission to wear it!"


Madison smiled. "I figure that when you're as big as I am, you don't need to ask for permission to do anything, you just do whatever you want. And for what it's worth, I bet this looks better on me than it ever looked on you. When you made me grow, it filled my tits and ass out nicely too! Mine are a good size, not like your goofy oversized gag boobs!"


"I'm so tall, I can barely even fit under the doorways!" Madison bragged as she sauntered through the living room. "How big would you say I am, anyway? I've got to be fifty feet tall, easy!"


"Probably more like a hundred feet," Emily groaned under her breath.
"What was that?" Madison asked, as she walked over to Emily. "Speak up, your voice is so quiet now that it's hard to hear!"
"Nothing!" Emily shouted. "I said nothing!"



Madison sat on a barstool and leaned in to get a closer look at the busty blonde on the counter. "What's wrong, little Emily?" Madison asked. "I thought we were going to have fun together. Don't tell me you're in a pissy little mood all of a sudden!"

"Oh, no, I'm feeling *amazing*," Emily said with an eye-roll.

"Oh, sorry, I shouldn't have used that word, *little*," Madison said with a cruel smile. "I'm guessing that's a pretty sore subject right now. Don't worry, though, you'll get used to it pretty quickly. I was that size for my whole life until pretty recently, and it never bothered me. Now you'll have the rest of your life to get used to being that size!"

"If I was you, I'd be careful about saying things like that!" Emily shouted.


"Oh yeah?" Madison asked. "And why is that? What are you going to do, step on me?"
"Yes!" Emily said. "Right after I grow big again, and shrink you back down to size..."


Madison shook her head. "Well maybe that will happen, but for now I'm big and you're small. And you know what else? I'm getting hungry. What's stopping me from having you for breakfast?"
"You wouldn't dare try!" Emily said. "If you did that I'd just grow inside your stomach and make you explode! Then who would feel like an idiot? You would!"


Madison rolled her eyes. "Whatever you say, shorty," Madison said as she took another sip of coffee.


Madison gave Andrew an ugly look. "This coffee is terrible!" Madison said. "It's way too bitter! I told you I like it sweet, but there's barely any sugar!"
"I'm sorry Miss Madison," Andrew said. "I'll grab some more sweetener right away!"


Madison looked at Andrew slyly. "I don't think that will be necessary," Madison said. "You look pretty sweet, I'll just use you!"


Madison reached out towards Andrew. He instinctively started to back away, then looked back and suddenly stopped when he realized he was just a few feet away from the precipice of the counter. He looked back up at Madison. "That coffee still looks pretty hot!" Andrew pleaded. "You wouldn't want me to burn, would you?"
"Oh? And why not?" Madison asked.
"Well, umm... That could ruin your coffee!"


"That's a risk I'm willing to take," Madison said. She grabbed Andrew by the leg and lifted him into the air, dangling him just inches above the hot coffee.
"No, please!" Andrew begged. "Don't put me in there! I don't want to die!"
Emily sighed. "That coffee isn't hot enough to do anything more than scald you a little bit. You need really hot, fresh stuff to properly burn someone. Believe me, I'd know!"


"Hah, you would," Madison joked, as she dunked Andrew into her coffee. "But I wouldn't worry too much about getting a little burn, Andrew. I'd be a lot more worried about what comes afterwards..."

Madison pulled Andrew out of the coffee and lifted him up to her mouth. His body was covered in a sweet mix of coffee and congealed cream, which she licked off his back. "Oh god, no, don't eat me!" Andrew pleaded.


"Why not? You taste so good..." Madison said with a wicked smile. She lifted Andrew up above her head and slowly lowered him head-first into her mouth.
"No, no no no, you can't do this!" Andrew begged. "Let me go, please, oh god--"


Andrew's pleas were suddenly silenced when Madison dropped him into her mouth. He fell headfirst between her lips, only stopping when her wet, warm tongue broke his fall. Madison's lips closed around his waist, and she slowly sucked him down.


Emily watched with a mix of emotions. She was frustrated and jealous, but there was also something strangely appealing about watching the display. Still, as much as her step-brother annoyed her sometimes, she wasn't ready to see him become Madison's meal.
"Hey Madison!" Emily shouted. "You're not really going to eat Andrew, are you? Are you? Hey Madison, you can hear me, right? I know you can hear me, spit him out this instant! He's not yours to eat!" But Madison kept sucking him down, only now with a slight smile visible on her lips.


Emily sighed. Her throat was already hoarse. She wasn't used to having to raise her voice. Usually all it took was a whisper and everyone rushed to do whatever she wanted. "Okay, Emily, you can do this," Emily muttered to herself. "MADISON!!!" Emily screamed. "I COMMAND you to let him go, now!" but Madison kept sucking him down, so Emily was forced to resort to something that would have seemed inconceivable before. "Madison, I can't believe I'm saying this, but... Please! Please let go of him! Please!"
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU THE RIGHT WAY TO PLAY THAT


With a big roll of her eyes, Madison took Andrew out of her mouth. "Okay, fine," Madison said. "But not because you 'commanded' me or whatever. I'm only doing this because you said the magic word. And remind me, what was that word again? Could you say it one more time?"
"...Please. Pretty please! Umm, with sugar on top!"


"You're lucky I'm so nice," Madison said, "because I really don't like going without breakfast..." Without even bothering to look back, Emily dropped Andrew back in the coffee mug, nearly tipping it over in the process.


Madison turned around, leaving the others with a view of her derriere as she swayed her hips and walked away.
"Where do you think you're going?" Emily asked. "You can't just leave us here on the counter!"


"Shh!" Andrew shushed. "Be quiet! She almost ate me, and you're trying to get her attention? Do you think I tried to get your attention when you were a giant?"


"No, but I'm not you," Emily shot back. "When you're used to greatness, indignity is worse than death! Now come back here, Madison. Don't you dare look at my toys like that!"
I'M NOT REALLY
A CONTROL FREAK
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"Oh, those things?" Madison asked. "Funny, they're so small I almost didn't even notice them. Let's see, there's a little raven-haired woman, and a little Asian guy..."


Madison took another step closer, and the hard sole of her borrowed heels clanged loudly against the hardwood floors. The Asian man on the table was startled, and hopped to his feet. Before he could go more than a few steps, though, Madison was already standing right in front of him...


"You weren't trying to run away from me, were you?" Madison asked.
"No no no no no!" the Asian man insisted.
"Well that's good," Madison said, "Maybe Emily let her toys run around and do whatever they want, but I plan on running a pretty tight ship! For instance, this redhead had the nerve to sit on my seat without asking... So whatever happens when I sit down, she brought it upon herself!"


"Oh shit," the redhead muttered. She watched as Madison's curvaceous ass lowered down on her.


The redhead started to get up, but she quickly realized that Madison's behind was falling too fast for her to get away.


"No, no, please!" The redhead pleaded, but the meteoric fall of the Asian's ass only accelerated.


It was too late to escape. All the redhead could do now was try to land in the canyon between Madison's ass cheeks.


The redhead was spared the worst, but it was hardly pleasant for her. Although she avoided being crushed by Madison's full weight, the redhead quickly found herself struggling to breathe. Madison's taint was pressing down on her chest with enough weight that it was hard to inhale, and the smell of the hot, humid air didn't make it any easier. The redhead tried desperately to crawl out from underneath, but the weight of Madison's ass held her firmly in place.


Madison could feel the redhead's struggling. The way she moved tickled Madison's ass in a way she'd never felt before, but it made her feel giddy. With the redhead accidentally pleasuring her, Madison turned her attention towards the other two 'playthings.' The two playthings stared back up at her with terrified looks on their faces.


"Aww, what's wrong? Why the long faces?" Madison asked with mock sincerity. "Is being my little playthings not fun enough for you?"


"I thought... Maybe you were going to punish us..." the raven-haired woman said.
"Yeah, and I was worried you were going to eat me!" the Asian man chimed in. "You're, umm, not going to, are you?"


Madison smiled. "Oh yeah, I am, I absolutely am." Madison said. "But there's no need to be glum. I'll make sure that you have some fun on the way out!" She smiled wide and steepled her fingers mischievously.


"Hey, lady with the black hair, what's your name?" Madison asked.
"Mariska," the woman said.
"Well listen up, Mariska. You are going to suck his cock!"
"You want me to what?" the woman asked. "But I barely even know him! And I had a husband back home!"
"Oh perfect, so you must know how to suck dick already! Now get started, unless you'd rather be the one I eat..."
"Don't feel like you have to do this!" the Asian man said. "If you feel uncomfortable, you don't have to do anything..."


"Nice try," the woman said, "but I know you just want her to eat me instead! I'd much rather eat a cock than get eaten..."


FORD'S
The raven-haired woman knelt down in front of him. "Ooh, I guess we're really doing this," she said. "You're still soft, though..."
"Hey, what do you expect?" The Asian man asked. "She's saying she's going to eat me! How am I supposed to get hard with all that pressure?"


"Oh, if I want you to get hard, you're going to get hard," Mariska said as she grabbed ahold of his cock. "You're going to get rock-fucking hard, whether you like it or not." With a firm hand, she yanked on his cock. Madison bit her lip as she watched the display.


It didn't take long for the Asian man to get hard. Mariska didn't wait to wrap her lips around the tip of his dick. Madison couldn't help but lick her chops as she eagerly watched.


Mariska pushed his cock deeper into her mouth. The Asian man's cock wasn't especially long, but it was girthy, and her lips could barely fit around it. She bobbed her head eagerly along his shaft.


"Man it's fun to be in charge!" Madison said as she slipped her hand into her panties. "Everyone does whatever you tell them too... Everyone is scared of you... I could get used to all this!"


It wasn't long before Madison's revelry was rudely interrupted. "Madison! Madison!" A familiar voice yelled from across the room.
Madison rolled her eyes. "Ugh, what is it now, Emily? Can't you see that I'm a little busy at the moment?"


"Yeah, you're busy playing some kind of sick sex games with my playthings! You can't do that! Only I get to do that! They're my toys, not yours!"
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU
THE RIGHT WAY TO PLAY THAT


"Possession is nine tenths of the law," Madison said with a wag of her finger. "I say they're mine. You say they're yours. But I have them in front of me... So what are you gonna do about it?"


Emily's face was flush with anger. "This... Isn't... Fair!" she shouted. "I'll... I'll..." Emily wanted more than anything to grow. She flexed every muscle in her body, and pictured herself a thousand feet tall, stepping on Madison with her favorite high-heeled boots... but nothing happened, and she stared impotently while Madison played with her playthings.


Madison turned back towards her little playthings. "Good show, you two, but I think it's about time that I take charge," Madison said, as she reached for the Asian man.


He looked up just in time to see Madison's hand as she grabbed ahold of him. "Huh? Hey, wait, no! Don't!" He protested.
"What's wrong?" Madison asked. "You're not afraid of the big, bad Maddie, are you?" She said as she wrapped her hand around his waist and tightened her grip.

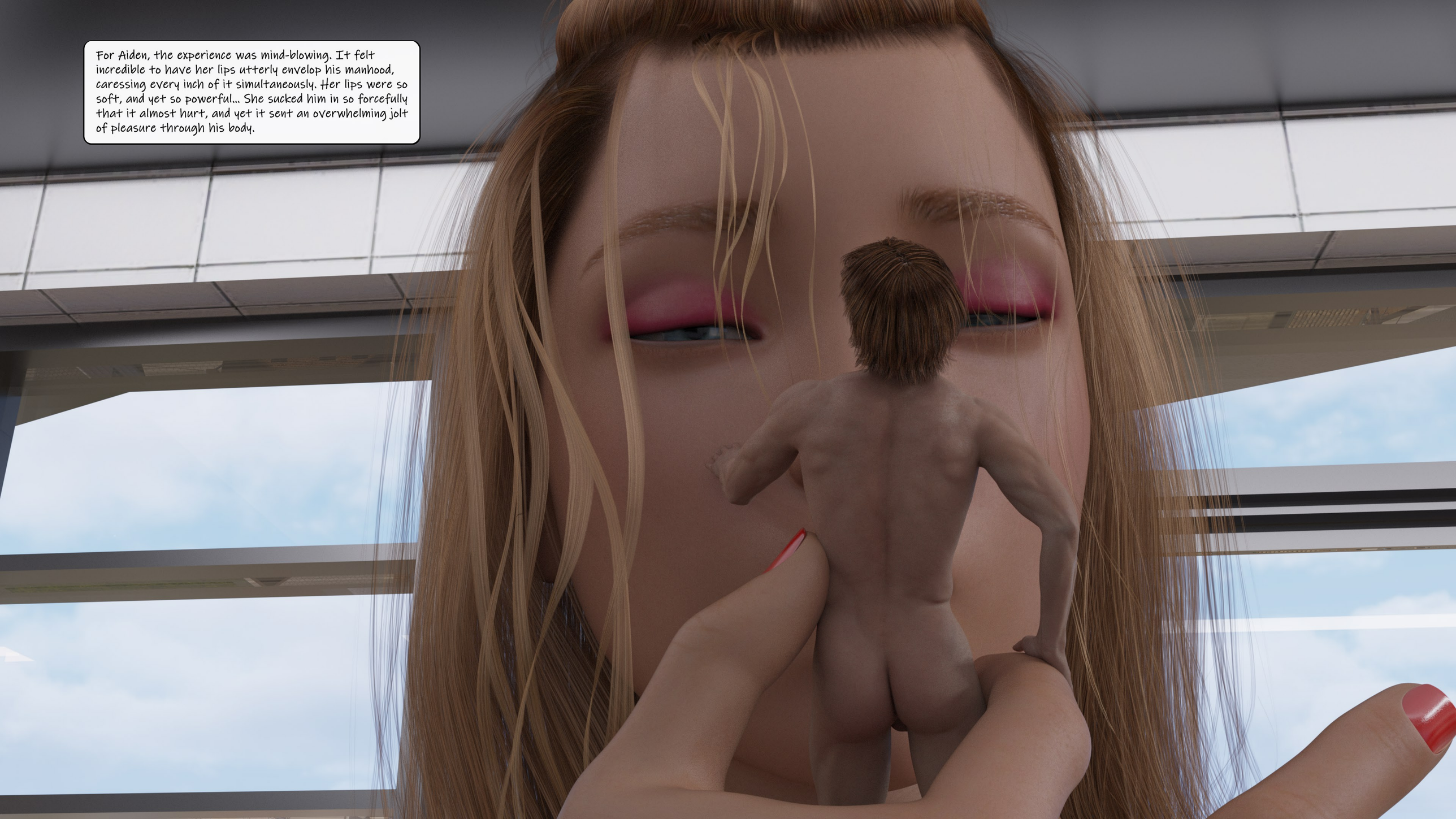

Madison raised the Asian man closer to her, and he grew increasingly nervous as he neared Madison's half-opened mouth. "P-please don't eat me," he pleaded. "M-my name is Aiden. I'm only 25! Don't do this! I'm begging you not to do this!"


"Twenty five? That's older than me! You're ancient!" Madison joked. "Come on, we've all got to go sometime."
"But that's not fair!" Aiden pleaded.
Madison shook her head. "You sure do complain a lot, Aiden. Not very attractive for a man. Lucky for you, you've got a big cock for a little man..."


Aiden was desperately flailing as Madison lifted him closer to her mouth. "Oh god, don't eat me! Don't eat me!"


Madison was salivating as she pulled him closer. "Don't worry, the only thing I'm going to put in my mouth is that big fat cock of yours... For now, anyway."


Madison closed her lips around Aiden's cock, and sucked on it like a piece of hard candy. To her, even a dick as girthy as his was narrower than a straw, but her sensitive lips could still feel every inch of it as she pulled it deeper into her mouth.


For Aiden, the experience was mind-blowing. It felt incredible to have her lips utterly envelop his manhood, caressing every inch of it simultaneously. Her lips were so soft, and yet so powerful... She sucked him in so forcefully that it almost hurt, and yet it sent an overwhelming jolt of pleasure through his body.


Madison had barely started sucking on him, but Aiden was already nearing orgasm. With a low moan, he thrusted between her lips, and spurted his load into her lips. Her body quivered as she mashed her hand against her clit.


Madison let out a moan of her own. She had been nearing orgasm herself, and the warm spurt of Aiden's cum on her lips pushed her over the edge.

Madison opened her mouth, and ran her tongue along Aiden's thighs, with the glaze of Aiden's cum still on her upper lip. "Oh, Aiden, Aiden..."


"Aiden?" Madison pulled him away, to get a better look at him, and a slight frown crossed her lips. "I thought you were hot? Wow, I must have really been horny. Not that I've ever had good taste in men..."


Madison chuckled at herself. "That's a funny word, isn't it? *Taste*? You know, I still haven't eaten anyone yet! I wonder what fuckboy tastes like!" Madison said as she lifted Aiden above her head.


While Madison was busy with Aiden, Mariska saw an opportunity. She carefully climbed down to the edge of the table. It was almost twenty feet down to the ground, but with the carpet below her she hoped that she could make it...


Emily didn't notice Mariska. Her eyes were glued to Madison as she watched from the counter. "I can't believe it," Emily said. "That bitch is seriously eating my playthings? The nerve!"


"Oh, god, no! Let go of me!" Aiden cried. With all his might Aiden tried to pull himself out of Madison's mouth. Madison pushed against his shoulder with a single finger, and that was all it took to overpower him. With that one finger, she pushed him all the way into her mouth, and closed her lips around him.


Eating Aiden gave Madison a rush of power unlike anything she'd experienced before. While she lowered Aiden into her mouth, she slid her other hand deeper into her panties and vigorously rubbed herself.


Emily was furious. "I let that bitch into my house. I let her be my best friend. I didn't even step on her! And how does she repay me? By disrespecting me in my own house and eating my playthings!" And with that, Emily began to grow.


Madison was still blissfully unaware of Emily's growth while she sucked Aiden's arm down like a piece of spaghetti. His arm flailed wildly around until it finally disappeared between Madison's hungry lips.


Madison had never swallowed anyone before, and she held him anxiously in her mouth for a moment before finally working up the courage to gulp him down. All the while, she was utterly unaware of the busty blonde growing on the kitchen counter.


"Nobody disrespects Emily! Nobody!" Emily shouted. She stood more than twenty feet tall now, and with her renewed size her voice echoed through the cavernous mansion. "This is my house, Madison, and don't you forget it!"
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU


"Oh my god, Emily? Did you grow?" Madison asked. "You're bigger now... But you're still looking pretty short compared to me!"


"Oh, I'm not done growing yet!" Emily exclaimed. Emily slung her leg over the edge of the counter. She waited for her foot to reach out towards the floor before she stepped forward.


"You're nothing without me," Emily continued. "That's my power you're borrowing, and I'm going to take it back!" She took her first step towards Madison, stomping down on her kitchen floor with enough force to make the entire house shake.
Mariska was in a bad situation. The raven-haired woman surveyed the scene. She was caught out in the open between two giant women, and she wasn't sure which one was worse.


I'M NOT REALLY
A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU
THE RIGHT WAY TO PLAY THAT
"We can do this the easy way, or the hard way," Emily said as she strode over towards Madison. "Either you shrink back down to normal, and give me back the power you took from me... Or else."
"Or else what?" Madison asked pointedly.


"I'm glad you asked," Emily said. "Here, let me show you." Emily quickly walked towards the tiny raven-haired woman who was sprinting away from her. Mariska picked up her pace, but even at a full sprint it only took Emily a few languid steps to catch up with her.


"If you don't give up your power," Emily said, "I'll shrink you down as small as her..."
Emily raised her foot high into the air. The raven-haired woman looked up at Emily's heel, and immediately knew what Emily was planning to do. Mariska ran as fast as she could, but Emily's foot effortlessly followed her.



"Then I'll raise my foot above you..."

The raven-haired woman looked up, and saw Emily's foot right above her. She couldn't help but turn her gaze even higher upward, and beyond the massive mounds of Emily's chest, she saw the giant blonde's eyes staring down at her contemptfully.


"Then I'll bring my foot down on you, just hard enough to knock you off your feet."
Emily slammed her foot down on the raven-haired woman, sending her reeling backwards onto the ground.


"And when you're lying there, all weak and scared, I'll lift my foot up again. Not with my heels. Too quick that way. No, I want to take it slow. I want to feel it."


"Then I'll put my foot on you, and press down. Just a little bit at first. Just enough so you can feel the pressure. And then just a little bit harder, and a little bit harder, until it starts to hurt a bit. Then, all at once, the pressure builds a bit too much where you least expect it, and the pain is excruciating, worse than anything you've ever felt in your life. But it's not so bad that you want to die. That will come later."


"I press down harder on the back of my heel, just hard enough to shatter one or two bones in your leg. See, I don't want to squish any vital organs, or smash your pretty little head in just yet."


"At this point you'll probably be begging me to kill you, just like this little one. And I will... eventually. But it won't be for your sake. See, all this build-up gets me all hot and bothered, and it's hard to hold back. So when I just can't take it anymore..."


"I'll stomp down with full force. Your little body will be shattered in an instant. That pretty little head of yours will split open, and your smooth little brain will be reduced to a warm goo between my toes. And then I'll just stomp and stomp and twist and stomp and twist until there's nothing left of you but a nasty little pile of gristle."


Madison stared down at what was left of the raven-haired woman. "That, umm... doesn't sound good," Madison said. "You, uhh, really made a mess of her... You wouldn't really do that to me, though, would you?"


"You're goddamn right I would," Emily said emphatically. She straightened her back and stared at Madison, but that only served to emphasize the difference in their height. "I'll squish you like a bug! Unless, of course... you shrink back and give me everything you took from me."


Madison shrugged. "I guess I can try," Madison said, "but there might be a problem. See, I'm not really sure how I took your height. It seemed to me like you just tried to grow... but ended up making me grow instead. I don't even know how to shrink... But I guess I can try!"


A cruel smile crossed Madison's lips. "The only problem is, though... What if I'm not the one who shrinks down?" She raised her eyebrow, and watched as Emily slowly shrunk down in front of her.


"What?! Y-you can't do that!" Emily stammered, her voice growing fainter with every word. "You can't take my height! It's mine, not yours!"
"Not anymore," Madison said with a smirk.


"You're really going to do this to me?" Emily asked. "After everything I gave you?! I let you stay in my perfect house, in my perfect town, and you reduce me to this? I'm not even twenty feet tall now!"
FORD'S


By the time that Emily's shrinking began to slow, she was barely taller than a normal person. "Whatever! Emily groaned. "What do I even care? Fine. Take my house. Take my town! Make me into your little servant? What's the worst you can do?"



"The worst? I guess I could do *that* to you," Madison said. Emily looked up and saw that Madison was staring not at her, but at the raven-haired servant that Emily had flattened just moments earlier. "If you don't get out of my house, I'll do to you what you did to her."

"You wouldn't!" Emily exclaimed.

"Why not?" Madison asked. "You told me you'd do the same to me! Why should I go any easier on you?"


I'M NOT REALLY
A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU
"Because I'm me!" Emily said, throwing up her hands like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "I'm Emily! I'm special! I get whatever I want, not you! Not anyone else! Me! That's how it's always been, and that's how it's supposed to be!"



Emily stomped out, but with her tiny feet it wasn't as imposing as she would have liked. "This is so unfair!" Emily shouted. "Why are all these terrible things happening to me? I'm special, dammit!"


"Maybe I'm just more special than you," Madison said. "Maybe I wanted it more. But whatever happened, this house is mine now. And as of now... You're evicted."
"Me?! Evicted?!" Emily asked. "But where do I go? Off into the streets?"
"Why don't you stay with one of your little friends?" Madison asked. "Or do they all hate you too much to let you stay with them?"
"They love me!" Emily shouted back. "They'll be begging me to stay with them, you'll see!"



Emily stomped her way down the sidewalk, which for the first time in ages she was small enough to walk on. "Stupid Madison," Emily grumbled. "She just *had* to open that door for me. Like I can't open the door to my own house! I hate that uppity bitch. Acting like she's better than me just because she's bigger. And how dare she say that my own townspeople don't like me!"


As Emily walked past a nearby house, she couldn't help but notice the sound of people whispering. She glanced over and saw a couple staring at her. "Oh my god, it's Emily!" A man said.
"Where? I don't see Emily. Wait, do you mean that blonde girl? She's way too short to be Emily!"
"That's what I thought, but the boobs, the hair... It's got to be her! Oh my god, wait, she's looking at us! Act cool, umm... Hi, Emily!"
"Uhh, Hi!" Emily said. "I just thought I'd, uhh, shrink myself down for a bit to see what the city looks like for all my townspeople. Welp, nice seeing you all!"


Once Emily had walked past, the redhead turned towards her husband. "Did that sound like bullshit to you?" She asked.
"Oh yeah, total bullshit," he said. "I've never seen her act that nice before. I don't know what's going on with her, but something is up. We should tell the others..."


The couple around the corner was even more shocked to see her. "Wait a second... Is that her?" Carl said to his wife.
"Oh my god, you're right... It's Emily!" Bettie exclaimed.
STOP


Carl clenched his fist. "That bitch stepped on my son!" Carl shouted. "All this time she's been able to push the rest of us around because of her size. Well now it looks like she's as small as any of us, and I'm going to tell her what's what!"
"Carl, you can't!" Bettie said. "What about her powers? Even at that size, you don't know what she can do!"


"Well I guess that's a risk I'm just going to have to take!" Carl said, and he stomped his way over to Emily. "Hey, Emily! Yeah, you! Look at me, I want to tell you something!"


"Yeah?" Emily asked with a shrug. "What is it?"
"Oh, it's nothing, you know, big or anything!" Carl said, his words practically dripping with sarcasm. "Just, you know... remember Trevor?"
"Trevor, Trevor, Trevor..." Emily trailed off, as she tried to place the name. "Sorry, don't know if that rings a bell. Was he from around here?"
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK
LET ME SHOW YOU


"'Was he from around here?'" Carl repeated furiously. "'Was he from around here?' He was my fucking son, and you stepped on him! Don't tell me you don't remember that!"


Emily yawned. "I've stepped on a lot of people over the years," Emily said. "He should have been watching where he was going. I don't need to be guilt-tripped about it, okay? I've had kind of a long day, and I don't really need a bunch of negative energy right now. So unless you have something nice to say, get out of my way!"
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK


Emily's nonchalant attitude made Carl even madder. "You think you can order us around, Missy? You got away with that because you were fifty feet tall, and we were all terrified of you. But right now, you're five foot nothin', and you can't make me do shit!"


To emphasize his point, Carl thrust his finger forward into her chest. His finger barely grazed Emily's skin, but he immediately regretted the gesture. He felt as if he'd stepped over an invisible barrier.


"Did you just touch me?" Emily asked in disbelief. Her tone was calm, and yet the rage that lay underneath her calm exterior radiated outward.

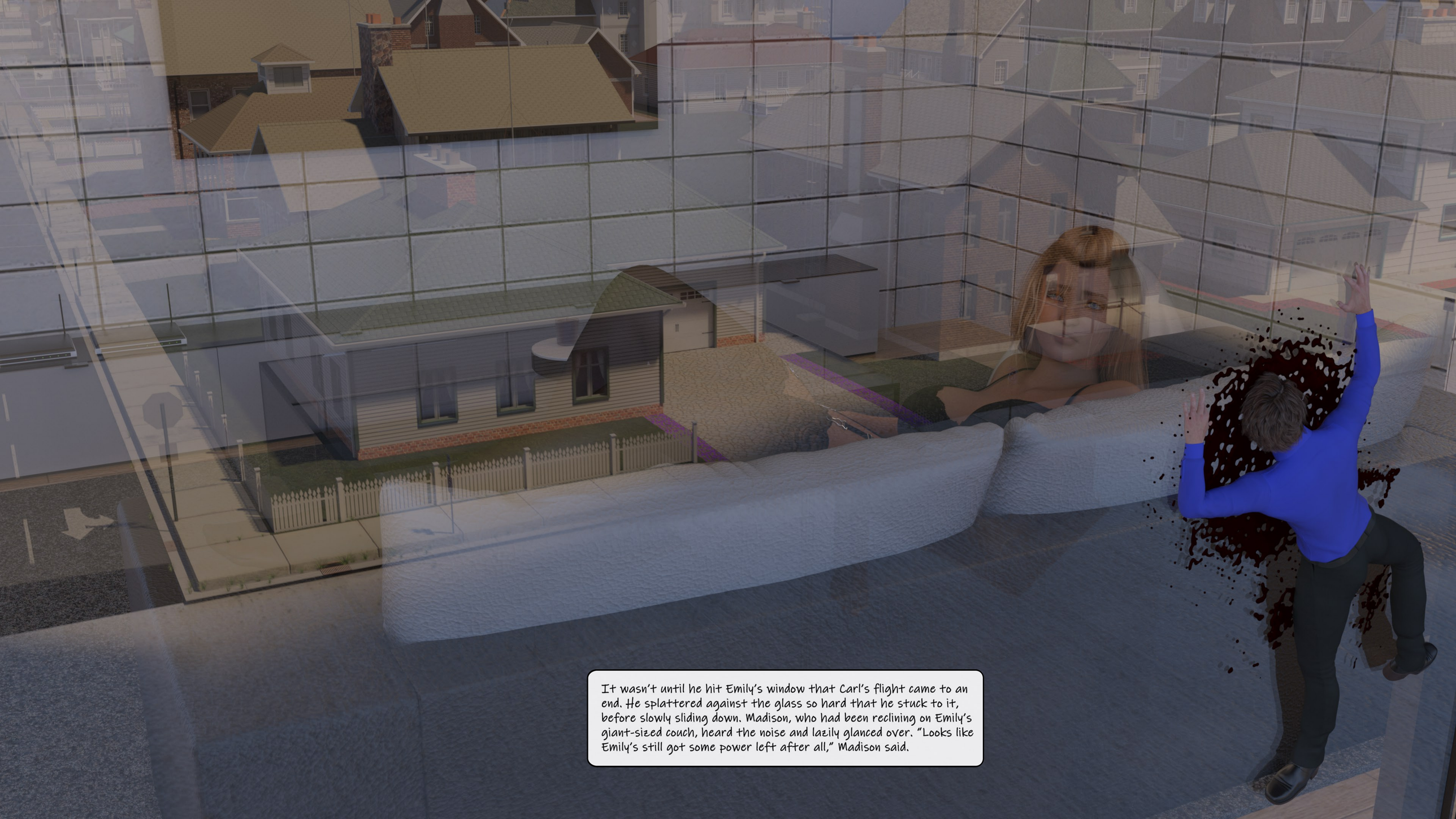

Carl put on the widest, fakest smile he could. "Oh, that? Just a little mistake. We all get a little carried away now and again, don't we? Well, if you'll just let me be on my way, we can let bygones be bygones..."


"Stop!" Emily commanded. She grabbed ahold of Carl's arm. Carl wasn't sure if it was her command, or the strength of her grip, but he couldn't move his arm a single inch.


"Oh god, no!" Carl screamed as Emily tightened her grip. Her fingers squeezed his arm like a vice, slowly crushing the flesh of his arm.


Emily could feel the power surging through her body. It was intoxicating. "I was never just a giant girl," Emily said with a wicked grin. "I might be 'five-foot nothing' right now, but you really, really shouldn't have messed with me."
"I'm sorry!" Carl pleaded. "Please, let me go!"
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK


"Sure thing. Later, loser!" Emily exclaimed, and she tossed Carl away with superhuman strength. He flew with incredible speed, spinning and screaming all the while.
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK


It wasn't until he hit Emily's window that Carl's flight came to an end. He splattered against the glass so hard that he stuck to it, before slowly sliding down. Madison, who had been reclining on Emily's giant-sized couch, heard the noise and lazily glanced over. "Looks like Emily's still got some power left after all," Madison said.


As she walked out through her front door, Bettie gripped her kitchen knife so tight that her hand was shaking. Seeing Emily kill her husband only strengthened her resolve. Bettie was going to do everything in her power to finish off Emily once and for all. If she succeeded, the whole town would finally be free from Emily's clutches. And if she failed... Well, she didn't have much to lose anymore anyway.


Others soon joined Bettie in her crusade. One by one, the people of the neighborhood walked out of their homes and walked over to Emily, each of them wielding their own weapon. For the first time ever, they felt emboldened to confront her.


SPEED
LIMIT
25
I'M NOT REALLY
A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU
THE RIGHT WAY TO PLAY THAT
Emily watched the oncomers with a cocky grin. "What's up?" Emily asked. "Are you guys throwing a block party? Or just congratulating me on looking so good?"


Emily's relaxed outlook soon faded, as she turned towards Bettie. "You've got a weird look in your eyes," Emily said. "Is that... Is that a kitchen knife in your hand? What are you doing with that? Wait a second, are you all bringing weapons?! What kind of block party is this?"
I M NOT REALLY
A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU
SPEED LIMIT
Mable Smithson
Piano
lessons


"I'm going to get revenge for my Trevor!" Bettie shouted, as she shambled closer to Emily.
Emily began to back away, nearly stumbling over the edge of the sidewalk in the process. "Easy there, lady," Emily said. "I'm not sure if I'm still invincible... That knife could really hurt someone..."



Emily continued to back away from Bettie, but she soon found herself surrounded by a larger group of furious-looking locals.

"You killed my son!" Bettie said.

"And my wife!" another voice said.

"And my husband!" another voice said.


Emily looked frantically around as the crowd encroached. "But... But I... I gave you a place to live! A perfect town, where you didn't have to pay rent, and the weather was always sunny, as long as I was in a good mood! The only catch was that as long as you stayed here, I'd be your God. And sometimes, gods do a little smiting! You'd better stand back, or else I might just s-smite y-you..."


"Smite this, bitch!" Bettie yelled as she charged towards Emily. She thrusted her knife forward and she ran headlong towards the blonde girl.


Behind Emily, more townspeople closed in on her. "Come on," Emily chanted. "You can grow, you can grow, you can grow..."


"You can... Grow!" With that, Emily spurted upwards a few inches.
"Stand back! She's growing!" one of the townspeople shouted.
"No, she already stopped! Get her now, before she grows again!"
From Emily's mansion, Madison watched the display. Emily's growth had given her a fleeting feeling... One that she'd felt only once before, but hoped she'd soon feel again...
THUMPER


"Grow, Emily, Grow!" Emily chanted. This time she shot up with rapid speed. Within seconds, Emily had more than doubled in height. Most of the townspeople began backing away, and others had broken into a sprint. Only Bettie was furious enough to charge the growing giantess.
In the distance, still unbeknownst to Emily and the crowd, Madison was having a growth spurt of her own. Emily's kitchen was rapidly becoming too small to hold her in, but the ceiling wouldn't be able to contain her for long...


"Yes! I'm getting huge now!" Emily exclaimed. But while Emily slowly grew taller than the tiny houses that surrounded her, Madison was quickly outgrowing Emily's massive mansion. Her growing body had already smashed into the second story of Emily's house, and now pressed against the second-story ceiling...
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU
THE RIGHT WAY TO PLAY THAT


Emily was still unaware of Madison's growth spurt. The rush of power Emily got from her own growth spurt was overwhelming her senses. Her whole body was engulfed in a familiar rush of warmth, as energy coursed through her every atom.



As the growth finally subsided, Emily opened her eyes and stared down at the fleeing townspeople. "You didn't know what a good thing you had!" Emily shouted. "All this time, I was so nice to you. I treated you like my guests. I only killed you when I was in a really bad mood! Now that's all over. No more Ms. Nice Emily. I'm going to stomp all of you losers!"


Emily's triumph was overshadowed, as Madison burst forth from the roof of Emily's oversized mansion, raining tons of concrete and cinder down onto the streets below. Her growth was only beginning, and soon Madison had grown to more than twice the height of the building.
STOP


"Oooh, yes! Now this is what I call growing!" Madison moaned.
"What the..." Emily said as she hesitantly looked back. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw something she couldn't believe. "Madison... You're huge! And... my mansion... my perfect mansion..."


"She's so big now... Bigger than I was ever able to grow..." Emily said. As her envy subsided, a smile slowly crept across Emily's face. She thought about just how much devastation Madison's new form could wrought. "Hey, tall girl!" Emily shouted at Madison. "These ungrateful little wretches were very rude to me. You want to help me squish them?"



"With pleasure!" Madison said. She threw her leg over the edge of the mansion's roof and started to climb out. "I've been wanting to see what these heels can really do! There's just one catch, though. If I get started, I might just get carried away, and end up stomping the whole town..."

Emily grinned. "You mean this shithole? It's too small for me anyway, let alone you! Do your worst!"


Emily wasn't worried about getting her feet dirty, and she wanted to feel it when she got her revenge on the ungrateful townspeople. As she pulled her foot out of her slipper, her heel knocked Bettie back onto the ground.


While Bettie was still getting back up on her feet, Emily raised her now-bare foot high into the air. She savored the feeling of the cool wind rushing past her toes, as she raised her heel above the tiny woman.



"Bye, bitch! Say hi to your stupid family for me when you get to hell!" Emily said, as she lowered her foot down on Bettie.

The brunette closed her eyes and grimaced as Emily's foot descended on her. "Oh god, no, please, don't--"


Emily's toes slammed down on Bettie's face, smashing her skull against the hard pavement. Bettie's arm went limp, and the knife dropped her hand, but Emily wasn't finished. She twisted her foot for good measure, crushing Bettie's stomach beneath her heel.


"Damn it feels good to be big again," Emily said. "All you stupid jerks are going to regret what you did! Isn't that right, Madison?"
"Damn right!" Madison said. She climbed over the side of Madison's house and stepped onto the streets, shaking the ground with her every movement.
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU
THE RIGHT WAY TO PLAY THIS!
STOP
SPEED LIMIT 25


"Where do you think you're going?" Emily asked, as she glanced at a fleeing redhead. She swung her foot forward, kicking the tiny redhead's back and knocking the woman onto the ground.
I'M NOT REALLY
A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU
THE RIGHT WAY TO PLAY THAT
STOP
SPEED LIMIT 25


As Emily stepped forward, she put her full weight onto her right foot, crushing the redheaded woman under her soles with a geyser of blood. "You thought you could take on me?" Emily said. "Nobody talks down to Emily and lives to talk about it!" Emily spotted a fleeing blonde woman, and made sure to step on her next. Once again, the front of Emily's foot swung into the woman, knocking her forcefully onto the ground.
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU THE RIGHT WAY TO PLAY THAT
STOP
SPEED LIMIT 25



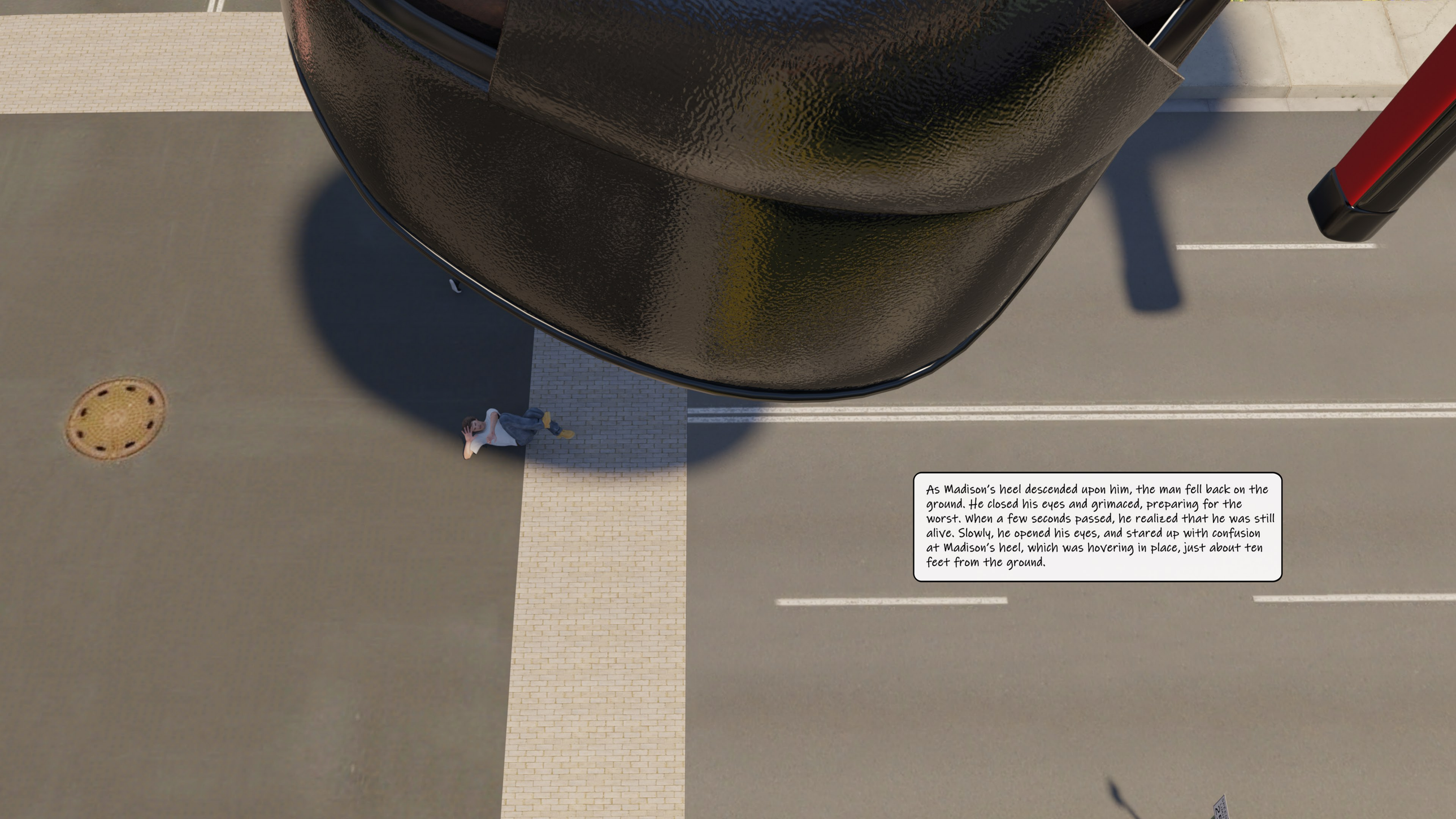
"Oh god, no, please!" The blonde pleaded. She wrestled with Emily's toes, but even amid the life and death struggle, something else caught her eye. She was awed by the sheer terrifying size of Madison's heel, as the giant woman stomped ever closer.



In the end, though, it wasn't Madison's foot that finished her off, but Emily's. Emily pressed down on her toes with enough pressure to crack the blonde's skull, before once again twisted her heel for good measure. Emily usually liked to savor her cruelty, but now she was being quick and efficient. There were plenty more townspeople to track down, and she didn't want to miss any.


Madison was eager to do her part as well. She stopped in her tracks just in front of a group of townspeople, and was amused to see one of them staring up at her. "Either you guys are really tiny... or I'm really fucking big," Madison said with a chuckle. "Either way, I bet I could take all four of you out with a single step..."


By the time that Madison began to raise her foot into the air, their fate was already sealed. Madison's heel was big enough to blot out the sun, and the blue sky was replaced by the red sole of Madison's heel. Her sole was still clean, but it wouldn't be for long.


As Madison's heel descended upon him, the man fell back on the ground. He closed his eyes and grimaced, preparing for the worst. When a few seconds passed, he realized that he was still alive. Slowly, he opened his eyes, and stared up with confusion at Madison's heel, which was hovering in place, just about ten feet from the ground.


Madison was toying with them. She held her foot in the air, just keeping pace as the others ran away from her. Then, after just a few seconds, she grew impatient. Madison brought her heel down. The four of them screamed in anguish, only to be quickly silenced a moment later.


Emily twisted her heel a few times for good measure, but it was hardly necessary. The four of them had been reduced to paste the moment her heel slammed against the ground. Not even the streets below her could withstand such a blow, let alone soft flesh and bone, and soon there was little left of them.
"Wow," Madison exclaimed, "being giant sure is a real power trip!"


"You're telling me!" Emily said. She turned away from Madison and watched as a pair of townspeople ran away. "Do you want to take them out, or should I?"
I'M NOT REALLY A CONTROL FREAK
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU
THE RIGHT WAY TO PLAY THIS!
STOP
SPEED LIMIT 25
Mable Smithson


Madison shrugged. "Is it just those two now? I say, give them a head start. Let them find a place to hide. That will make things more of a challenge... And give me an excuse to cause some destruction!"
FORD'S


End of Part 3
FORD'S


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